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ANC

No. 97

JANUARY

10¢

BIG SHOT

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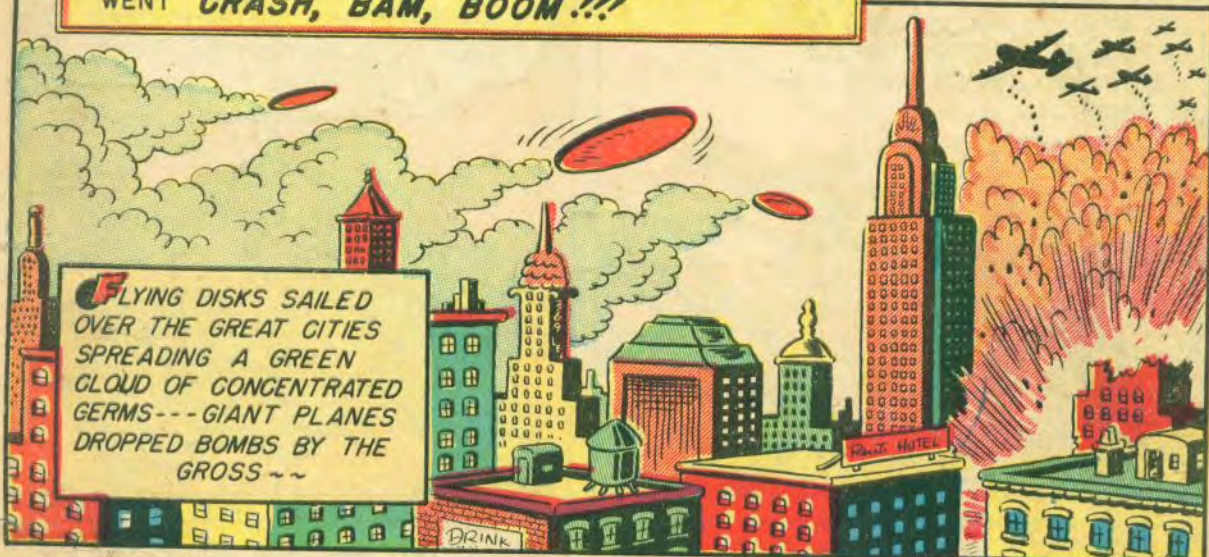
SPARKY watts



63.

WHEN DOTTY DASH DECLARED SHE WOULDN'T MARRY SPARKY IF HE WERE **THE LAST MAN ON EARTH**, SPARKY DECIDED TO WRITE A BOOK BY THE SAME TITLE-----SO HE TOOK HIS TRUSTY TYPEWRITER AND REARED BACK TO THINK OF A PLOT----- SUDDENLY, THE WHOLE WORLD WENT **CRASH, BAM, BOOM!!!**

FLYING DISKS SAILED OVER THE GREAT CITIES SPREADING A GREEN CLOUD OF CONCENTRATED GERMS---GIANT PLANES DROPPED BOMBS BY THE GROSS~~

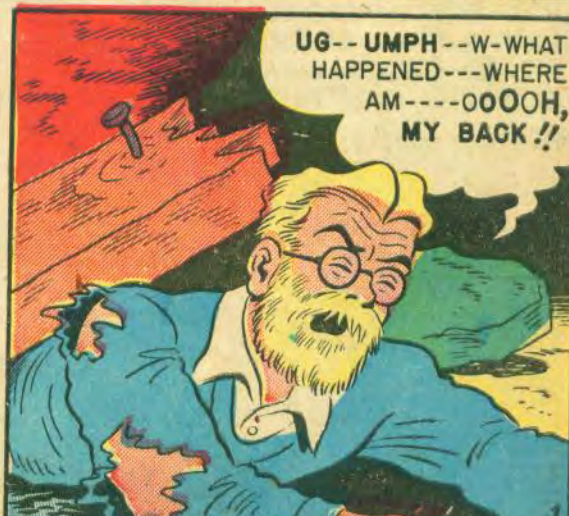


AFTER WEEKS OF ATOM EXPLOSIONS, FIRE AND DEVASTATION---THE DUST SETTLES---AND ALL IS QUIET--- --ALL, THAT IS, EXCEPT A GREAT BIG---

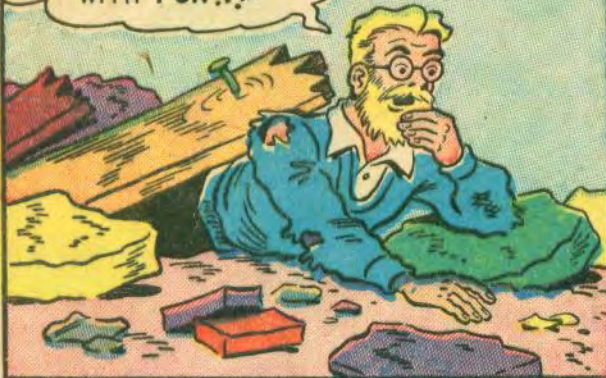
GROAN!



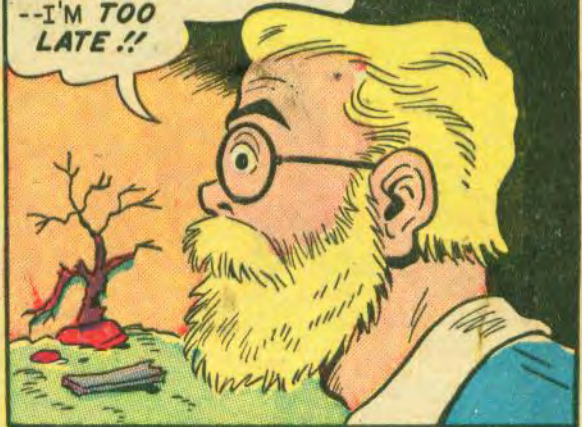
UG--UMPH--W-WHAT HAPPENED---WHERE AM---OOOOH, MY BACK!!



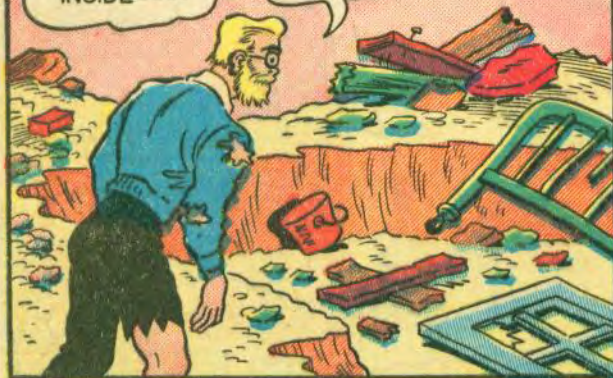
NOW I REMEMBER---SOME
INSANE COUNTRY IS ATTACKING
 AMERICA----I'VE GOT TO TRY
 AND HELP--- I'VE--- **WHAT'S**
THIS!! I'M COVERED
 WITH FUR !!?



I'VE---I'VE **GROWN A BEARD!** THAT
 MEANS I'VE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS FOR
 MANY DAYS---AND EVERYTHING IS A
 TOTAL WRECK--- I'M---
 --I'M **TOO**
LATE !!



JUST BEFORE I WAS KNOCKED
 COLD I SAW A **BUZ BOMB** HIT
 DOG STATIC'S HOUSE---AND **DOG,**
DOTTY, SLAP HAPPY, LITTLE
JUMBO AND CHUCK WERE
 INSIDE----



POOR FRIENDS---THEY NEVER
 KNEW WHAT HIT THEM---**SOB---**
 ---HERE'S ALL THAT'S LEFT OF
 GOOD OL' SLAP HAPPY---HIS
RIGHT SHOE !



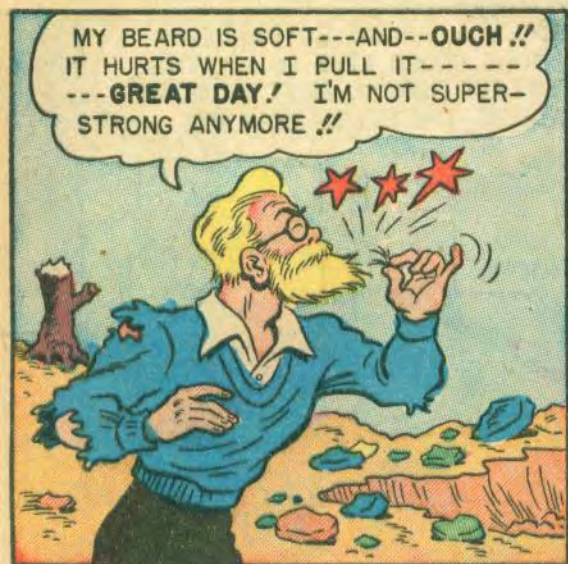
HERE'S **DOG'S** SPECTACLES--THEIR
 POOR BODIES WERE UNDOUBTEDLY
BLOWN INTO A BILLION TINY
PIECES---IT'S A **MIRACLE** THAT
 EVEN THIS MUCH WAS LEFT !!



THE **LEAST** I CAN DO IS TO
 GIVE WHAT REMAINS A **DECENT**
FUNERAL--GOODBYE, DEAR
 FRIENDS--AND REST WELL
 WHEREVER YOU MAY BE !



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

HELLO!! I'M A FRIEND!
IF ANYBODY IS ALIVE, ANSWER
ME !!

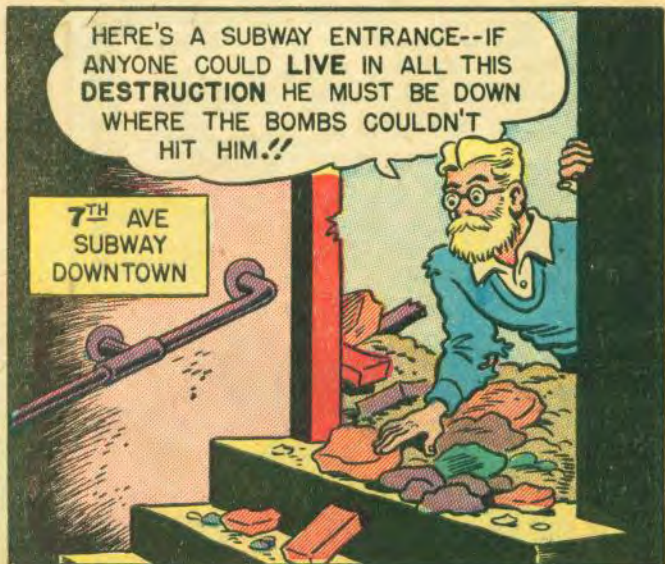


NO ANSWER! BUT SURELY
SOMEONE IS LEFT ALIVE
BESIDES ME---**HMMM**---
THESE CLOTHES ARE FULL
OF HOLES---MUST HAVE
BEEN RIDDLED WITH
BULLETS!



HERE'S A SUBWAY ENTRANCE--IF
ANYONE COULD LIVE IN ALL THIS
DESTRUCTION HE MUST BE DOWN
WHERE THE BOMBS COULDN'T
HIT HIM!!

**7TH AVE
SUBWAY
DOWNTOWN**



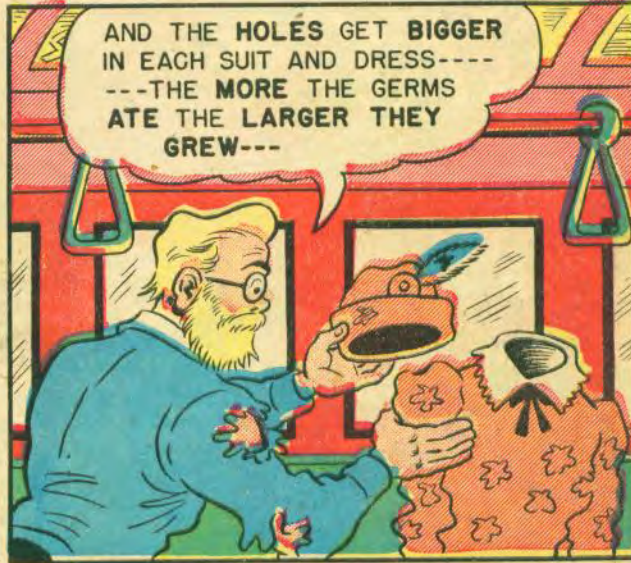
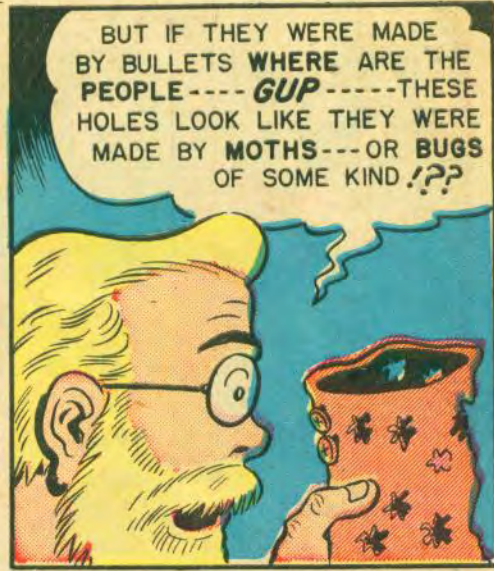
YES---
HERE'S A
TRAIN AND
IT'S FULL OF
PEOPLE!



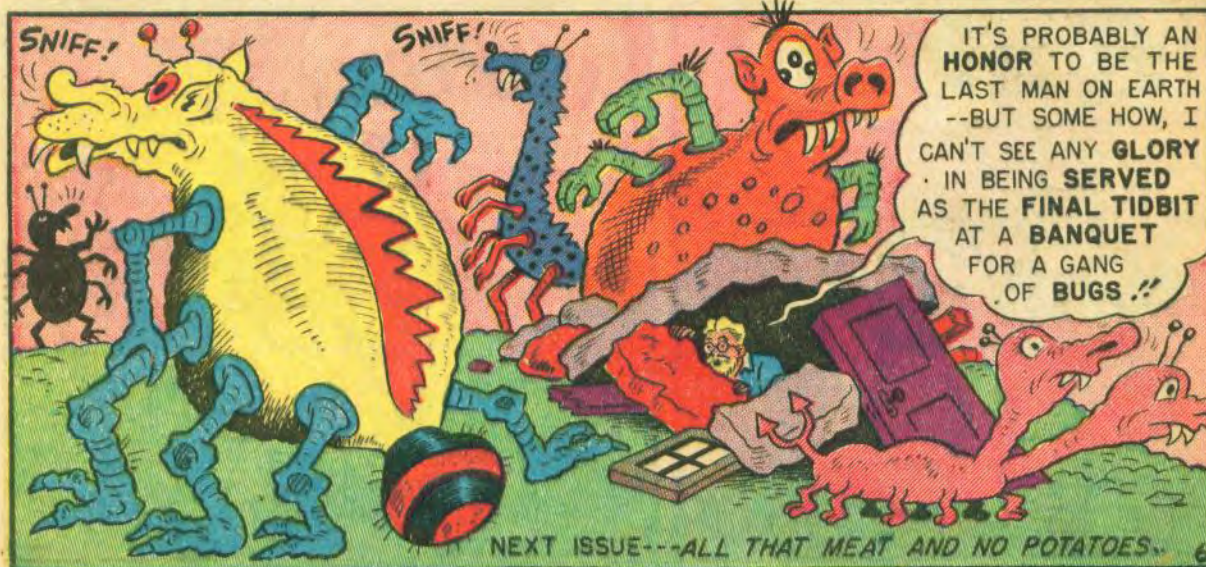
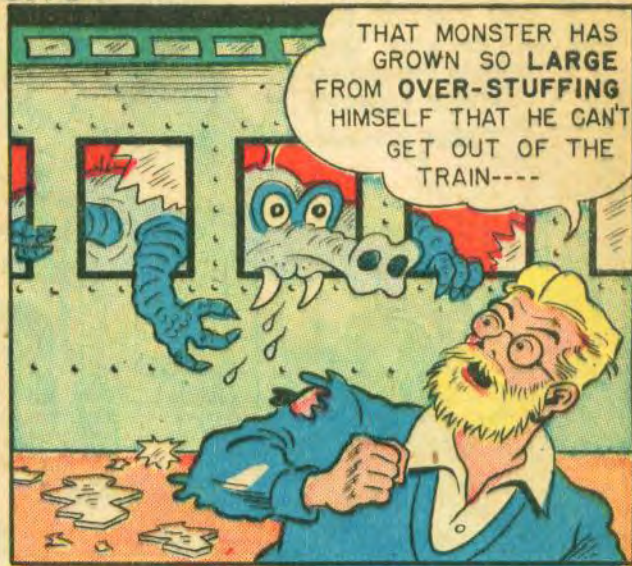
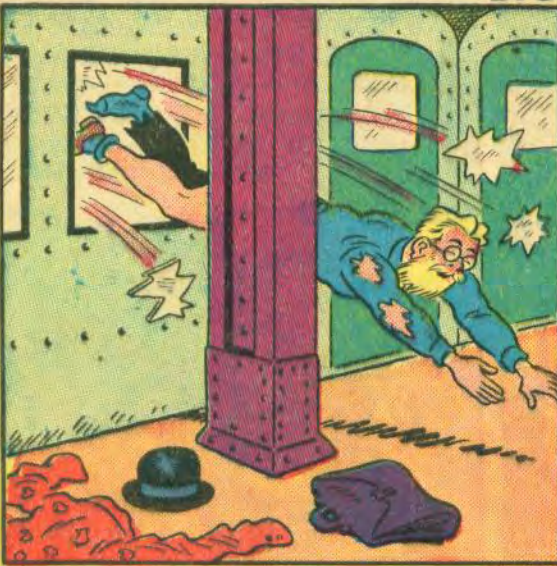
HEY---IS EVERYONE
OKAY---**GULP**---THE
CLOTHES ARE ALL
EMPTY LIKE THEY
ARE UP ABOVE!?



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



NEXT ISSUE---ALL THAT MEAT AND NO POTATOES. 6

DAVE DUGAN

By McEVOY and STRIEBEL

AFTER CHECKING ON THE PRODUCERS JUD FOUND OUT THAT THE SHOW PA IS BACKING IS ON THE LEVEL

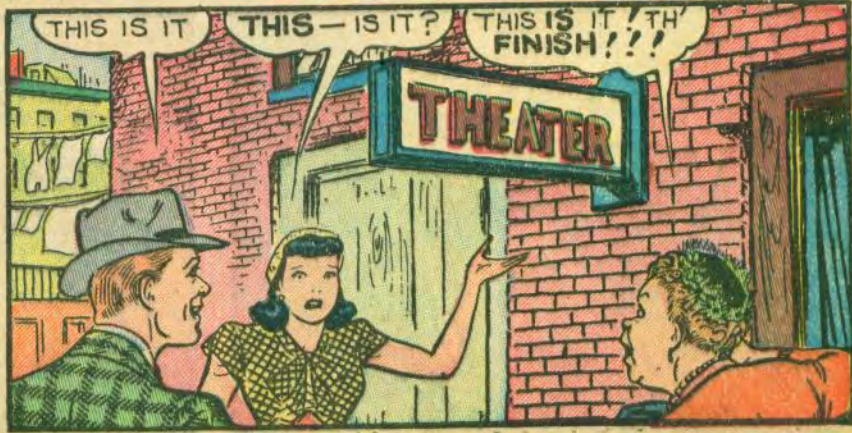
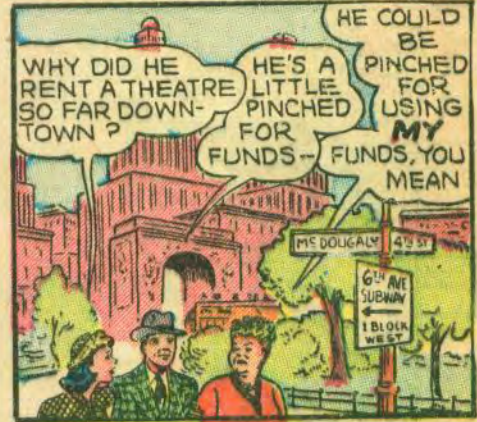


MR. DUGAN WILL GO DOWN IN STAGE HISTORY AS THE ONLY TRUE ANGEL TO HIT NEW YORK - HE'LL BE GIVING A LOT OF HAS-BEENS A CHANCE TO STRUT THEIR STUFF AGAIN AT THE EXPENSE OF LOSING HIS SHIRT

MY SHIRT!

GOLLY-MINE TOO!

PA IS BACKING A SHOW WITH MA'S MONEY



BIG SHOT

AH—MR. BRADLEY!
COME IN! COME IN!



MR. DUGAN IS THE
ANGEL BUT IT'S
REALLY **MRS. DUGAN'S**
MONEY— SHE'D
NATURALLY LIKE
TO KNOW A
LITTLE ABOUT
THE SHOW

OH



AND DON'T FORGET OPENING
NIGHT— WE DON'T EXACTLY
KNOW IT YET, OURSELVES,
BUT WE'LL LET YOU
KNOW

SEE YOU
LATER

THEATER



I WAS THINKING OF THE
SAME THING, DIXIE— THE
WHOLE IDEA IS SO **COCK-
EYED** IT'S LIABE TO
BE TERRIFIC

??
??
??



WE'RE PROUD TO
MEET TH' FAMILY
OF TH' MAN WHO
IS SO GRACIOUSLY
BACKING OUR
SHOW

WITHOUT A
PATRON OF
THE ARTS
WHAT IS TO
BECOME
OF THE
THEATRE? IF
IT FLOPS
WHAT IS
TO BECOME
OF THE
FAMILY?



IT'S A MUSICAL REVUE — "**THE
HAS-BEENS OF 1949**" — OF
COURSE WE ONLY HAVE A
PIANO PLAYER— AND THOSE
OLD BOYS ON STAGE ARE
"ACTS"— **EVERYBODY**
COOPERATES



"THE HAS-BEENS
OF 1949 " **HUH!** LIKE THE
WHAT A **LAUGH!** WHOLE
PA— A NEW IDEA, MA—
PRODUCER, OF COURSE I
AND A HAS-BEEN, ALL DON'T APPROVE
IN **ONE** OF PA'S USING
SHOW ALL YOUR
MONEY—

I RATHER
LIKE THE
WHOLE
IDEA, MA—
OF COURSE I
DON'T APPROVE
OF PA'S USING
ALL YOUR
MONEY—



I MEANT IT WHEN
I SAID I WANTED TO
HELP— MAY I BRING
A FRIEND OVER TO
YOUR APARTMENT?

OH **SURE!**
ANYTHING!
AT **ALL**, MR.
BRADLEY

WE'LL BE
THERE ALL
EVENING



BIG SHOT

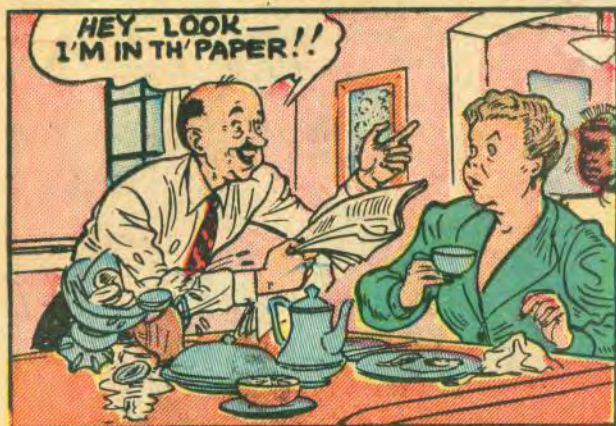


AFTER PA TOLD HOW HE'S BACKING A SHOW CALLED "THE HAS-BEENS OF 1949"

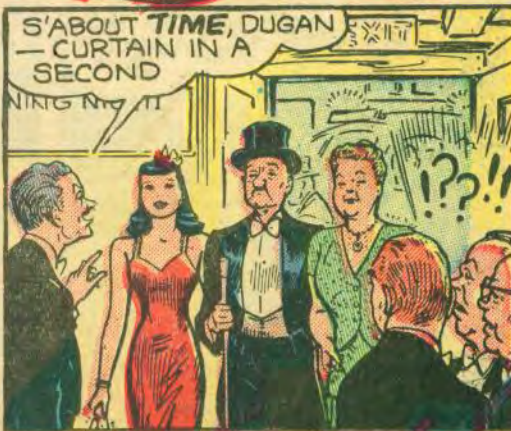


THANKS, JOE - YOUR COLUMN WILL DO IT AN AWFUL LOT OF GOOD

THANK YOU FOR THE TIP - PHILANTHROPISTS IN SHOW BUSINESS ARE RARE THESE DAYS



HAVE YOU HEARD? MRS. DUGAN MARRIED AN ANGEL? ONLY THIS ANGEL REALLY HAS WINGS. MR. TIMOTHY DUGAN, HUSBAND OF DESIGNER DUGAN, SHOWS SOME OF BROADWAY'S HARD-BOILED SOPHISTICATES HOW IT'S DONE. SATURDAY NIGHT HIS SHOW, "THE HAS-BEENS OF 1949" OPENS IN AN ABANDONED MOVIE HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE. TO GET TO THIS PLACE WILL BE LIKE A TREASURE HUNT. MIGHT BE FUN... BLA... BLA... ETC...



BIG SHOT

PA DUGAN'S
"HAS-
BEENS"
OF
1949 "IS
A
HIT
!!



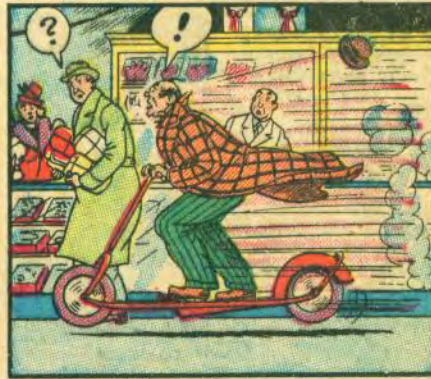
AFTER THE FINAL
CURTAIN -



DIXIE DUGAN
APPEARS
IN
EVERY
ISSUE
OF
BIG
SHOT

MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

MICKEY—I JUST HAPPENED TO NOTICE THAT PHIL HAS LOST HIS CORPORATION. —HAS HE BEEN ON A DIET?

NOT THAT I KNOW OF, SERGEANT—I HADN'T NOTICED THAT HE'D GOTTEN ANY THINNER!

BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY I DIDN'T SEE THAT YOU WERE LOSING IT, UNCLE PHIL!

YOU JUST HAVEN'T BEEN VERY OBSERVING, MICHAEL! I'VE BEEN TAKIN' BENDING EXERCISES AND CUTTIN' DOWN ON MY FOOD!

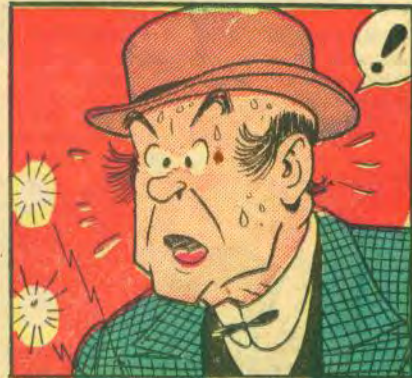
IT'S MIGHTY STRANGE THAT WE HAVEN'T NOTICED IT BEFORE, SERGEANT—WE'VE SEEN HIM EVERY DAY!

THAT MAY BE THE ANSWER, MICKEY—WHEN YOU'RE AROUND A PERSON ALL THE TIME, IT'S EASY TO MISS A GRADUAL CHANGE!

SHERIFF
PHIL
INN
PRIVATE

I KNOW—BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S GOOD TO TAKE OFF A STOMACH LIKE HE HAD, SO FAST—AT HIS AGE!

WELL, APPARENTLY HE HASN'T HAD ANY BAD EFFECTS—SO I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT!



YOU SHOULD'VE BOUGHT A LARGER SIZE, UNCLE PHIL!

STOP-TALKIN'—AND-GET-IT—OFF!

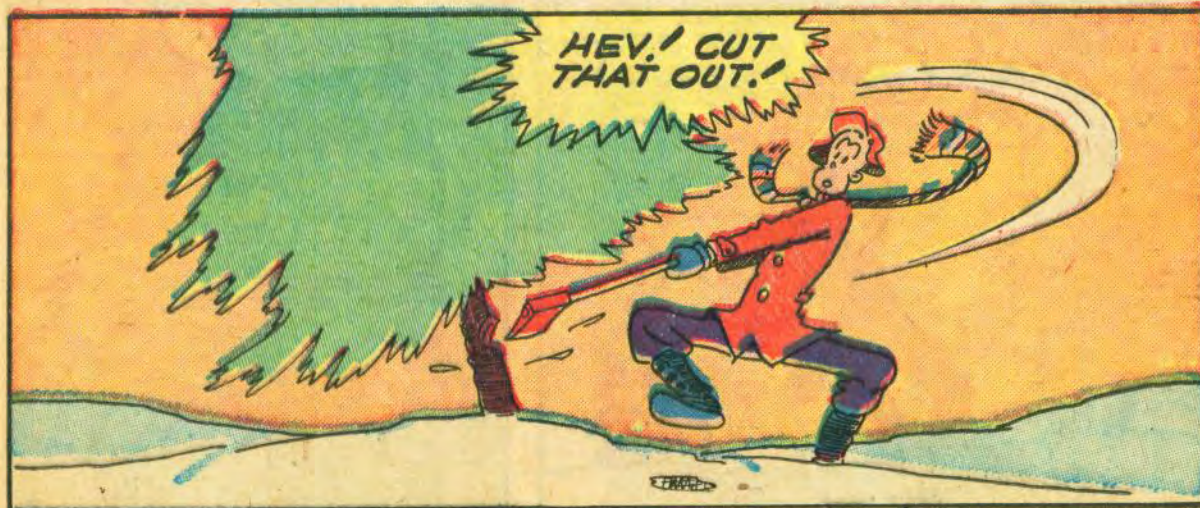
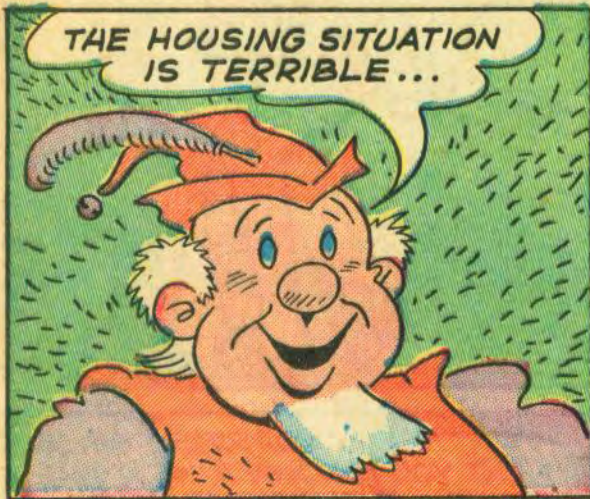
MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

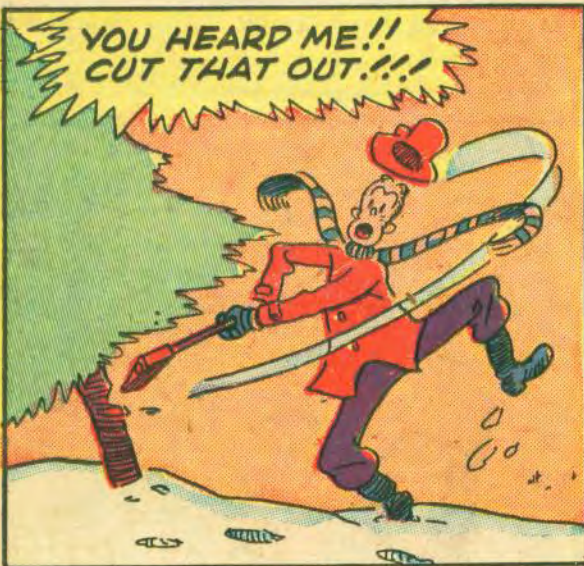


BIG SHOT BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY
MARION



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

CAN WE HELP YOU CARRY THE CHRISTMAS TREE HOME, EH, MISTER?

HMM... I'LL STICK WITH THIS GANG - AND SOLVE MY HOUSING PROBLEM!



IT'S SNOWING TOO HARD - YOU KIDS WILL HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT HERE!

BUT, MISTER KNUCKLES, SANTA CLAUS DOESN'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE!



IF YOU SAY SANTA CLAUS WILL COME HERE, THEN WE'LL STAY!

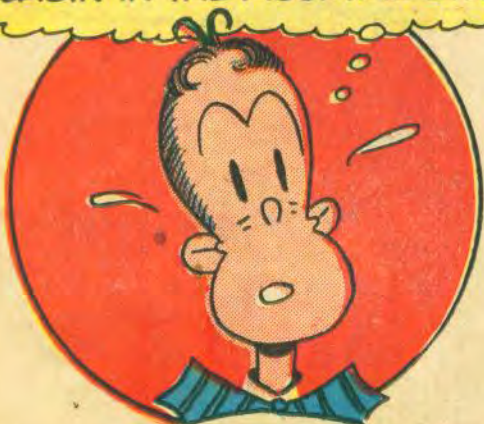
YOU HANG UP YOUR STOCKING TOO, MISTER KNUCKLES!



SLEEP TIGHT... SANTA CLAUS WON'T FORGET TWO SUCH GOOD BOYS!



MAYBE THE KIDS ARE RIGHT... MAYBE SANTA CLAUS WON'T FIND THIS LITTLE CABIN IN THE MOUNTAINS...



SO I'LL DIG UP ALL MY OLD TOYS AND DRESS THIS TREE ALL BY MYSELF!





One Exciting Night

By MART BAILEY

AT THAT MOMENT when Good Old Bumpy and Jack Beerymore were scampering like activated monkeys down the flower-potted and stocking-draped firescape, Fate, who enjoys complicating human affairs, ordained that a pear-shaped policeman named Officer Stanislaus O'Ketchup should be walking down West Ache Street. Officer O'Ketchup also was an author.

"Suspicious characters" hardly described the creatures hurtling down the iron ladders, thought Officer O'Ketchup. They were looney phantoms out of a nightmare. Stanislaus passed a hand over his eyes. But the two bewhiskered creatures would not be rubbed away: they were clambering helter-skelter down the fire-escape; and as the sole representative of Law and Order on West Ache Street, it behooved him to do something about it.

Officer O'Ketchup found himself brandishing a revolver and acting like the patrolman in a story he had dashed off a few nights previous. This discovery frightened him very much. Naturally a timid man, like most writers, he performed his most daring deeds on paper. But his flapper-like feet carried him forward, and he was within fifty feet of the fire-escape when the two weird creatures dropped noisily into the abyss of ashcans. They reappeared an instant later on the street, and Stanislaus was shocked by his own voice yelling, "HALT!"

His command took immediate effect. The two fugitives hesitated no longer. They leaped like grasshoppers and raced down the block to put distance between themselves and Officer O'Ketchup.

At this point, the author-policeman's revolver began exploding of its own volition.

To Good Old Bumpy and his trackmate, Jack Beerymore, the block seemed interminably long. But neither thought of calling off the race. One doesn't when pursued by whistling bullets.

Gaining the shelter of the corner building, they paused for breath, and Good Old Bumpy curiously poked his head beyond the wall to see who was shooting at them.

Ping! A bullet rang against the Mercury helmet.

Good Old Bumpy quickly withdrew his head. "Ratsoff must have posted one of his triggermen outside to cut off our escape," he told the panting actor. "You hold him off while I hail this taxi."

Jack Beerymore fumbled in his billowy pantaloons for the pistol with which he had practised his marksmanship on Don Gilholy, his pal who wrote the famous Broadway column. Then, with the quiet satisfaction of one achieving a secret ambition, he extended his head beyond the corner and raised the glittering pistol. As an actor he was forever being cast as a suave crook or a sophisticated playboy, but all his life he had wanted to play the role of Dead-Eye Dick.

Bang!

The first report that cracked through the night Officer O'Ketchup thought merely a belated echo of his own shots. But when something hot and whistling creased his ear, and the pudgy policeman realized that the other team was going to bat, he dumped his avoirdupois into the nearest alley.

Jack Beerymore grunted and reluctantly lowered the pistol.

"Poor visibility," he muttered.

But Good Old Bumpy did not hear. He was standing on the curbstone hailing a taxi.

"Wh-where to?" stammered the cabby.

Good Old Bumpy shoved Dead-Eye Dick into the back seat.

"To my Shore Road castillo," he said royally, "... the refuge of ham and egotistical actors!"

"HOW do you spell *ameliorate*?" inquired Don Gilholy, whose Broadway column caused more eggs and bacon to be thrown across the breakfast table than any other syndicated newspaper feature in America. He was tack-tacking at a portable typewriter under the desk lamp in Good Old Bumpy's study. The question was directed to Randolph, the butler, who sat opposite with a hand resting on the open pages of a huge dictionary.

Randolph massaged his weary eyes. For the past two hours he had been drafted as a word-hunter for the noted columnist, who could if pressed just about spell his own name, provided you gave him a second chance; and Randolph was fatigued by long and fruitless search for words which Don Gilholy invented out of his own ignorance.

"A-m-e-l-i-o-r-a-t-e," he spelled, without resorting to the dictionary, and mildly wondered how Don Gilholy would work that one into his Broadway column.

BIG SHOT

Don Gilholly pecked out a few telegraphic clauses—and the column was finished. Don leaned back in the swivel chair and, yawning more widely than necessary, languidly stretched his long limbs. He thought how cleverly he had covered his retreat from the Ratsoff mob. Not even his secretary knew his whereabouts, though he phoned her twice a day; the first time, to collect material for his paragraphs; the second time to read aloud the fruits of his labor, so she could take it down in shorthand and thence relay it to the syndicate. He was about to make the second call now; and Randolph, knowing what was coming, rose hurriedly to his feet to betake himself elsewhere.

"Hold on!" said Don Gilholly. "Mix me a drink. And stay while I phone this copy to my secretary. She's a bad speller, too."

Randolph groaned as he moved towards the two long windows between which the liquor wagon was set.

The night being warm, these windows were open, and Randolph, as he performed his magic with the cocktail shaker, commanded a view of the lawn below. Thus it was that he caught sight of something that looked like a zebra moving furtively through the foliage.

Then the striped thing stepped into the clearing and the moonlight shone upon a bewhiskered sailor who wore an outrageous sweater.

Randolph, seeing these furtive movements, smiled. He recognized the marks of the housebreaker, and, remembering his previous experience with one of that ilk, when he beamed the unfortunate thief with a battle-axe, he knew that there was fun ahead.

Tiptoeing to the desk, he touched Don Gilholly upon the shoulder, causing that young man to leap a good four inches in his seat.

"There's a housebreaker downstairs," whispered the butler, and Don Gilholly bettered his former effort by a good three inches.

"Butzy Ratsoff! ejaculated the columnist.

Through the quiet came the ominous grating of the front door lock.

"They got a key!"

"Not necessarily," answered Randolph, to whom the methods of housebreakers were an open book. "They may be picking the lock with a gimmick. But now we must act. Follow me."

Don was disposed to do nothing of the sort. He preferred the simpler strategy of crawling under a bed. But Randolph, having taken his favorite mace from the wall, was already moving to the fray, and if he didn't want to be left at the mercy of any second-story worker, he must follow.

It was long past midnight, and the only lights in the house were that in the study and a jaundiced glow in the vestibule downstairs.

Just as Randolph and the columnist reached the stairs, other feet padded softly on the lower steps and Randolph's keen ears caught the adhesion of hands upon the bannister. There was more than one housebreaker—the zebra man had an accomplice, and both were sneaking upstairs.

Randolph, however, was equal to the occasion. He leaned over the balustrade, mace poised high, until he sensed in the darkness that the first housebreaker was within range. The mace arched downward.

"WHONG-G-G-G-G-G-G-G!" A sudden metallic clamor swelled through the house, like the unpleasant gong that formerly introduced radio dramas of Oriental villany. A pistol shot cracked through the din of yells and thuds as the two housebreakers hurtled noisily into space.

"Heaven help me!" screamed Don Gilholly, recognizing the voice of one of the housebreakers. "It's Jack Beerymore!"

And, taking with him the butler's coat-tails, he followed the strategy he regretted not having undertaken earlier. He ran to his room and hid under the bed.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946, OF BIG SHOT, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1947.

State of New York
County of New York

ss.
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared FRANK J. MARKEY, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of the BIG SHOT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 587, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, COLUMBIA COMIC CORPORATION, 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Editor, NONE.

Managing Editor, THOMAS DE ANGELO, 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
Business Manager, FRANK J. MARKEY, 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Columbia Comic Corporation, 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Charles V. McAdam, R. F. D. No. 4, Greenwich, Conn.

Frank J. Murphy, 27 Willow Ave., Larchmont, N. Y.

Frank J. Markey, 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above,

giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRANK J. MARKEY,
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of September, 1948.

ELIZABETH C. REMLEIN
Notary Public in the State of New York,
Residing in Kings County.

Kings Co. Clk.'s No. 595; Reg. No. 457-R-9
N. Y. Co. Clk.'s No. 361; Reg. No. 635-R-9
Commission Expires March 30, 1949.

The SKYMAN

By *Byron Whittaker*

ALLAN!
WAIT--
COME BACK!

Le Seul
de Paris
SALON

EVIDENTLY ALLAN'S THOUGHTS ARE ELSEWHERE FOR HE HASN'T HEARD FAWN'S FRANTIC CRY--NOR DID HE HEAR THAT RAMBLING WRECK RATTLE INTO HIS VACATED PARKING SPACE. JUST KEEP AN EYE ON THAT JALOPY FOR ITS DAFFY DRIVER IS DESTINED TO GIVE ALLAN THE RIDE OF A LIFETIME, IN THE STORY OF THE

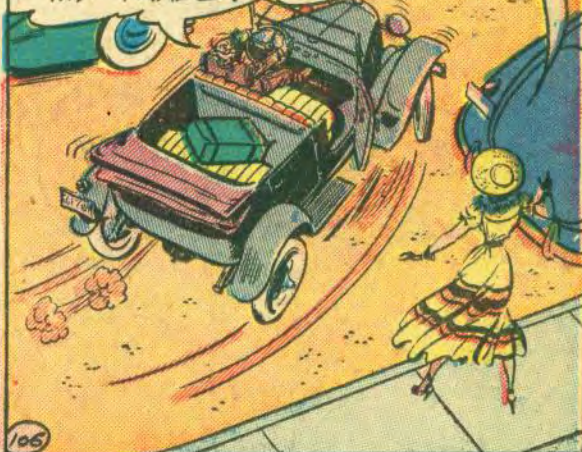
"CORRESPONDENCE COURSE DETECTIVE"

MY PURSE--I LEFT IT IN THE CAR! HMPH, MY PROPOSED PERMANENT AT THE BEAUTY PARLOR'LL HAVE TO BE PURCHASED ON THE "EASY CREDIT PLAN"!

RECKON THERE'S SOME DIRTY DOINGS GOIN' ON 'ROUND H'YAR!

I'LL GIT HIM, MA'M! PURSE SNATCHERS ARE A SPECIALTY IN MY TRADE!

HUH?

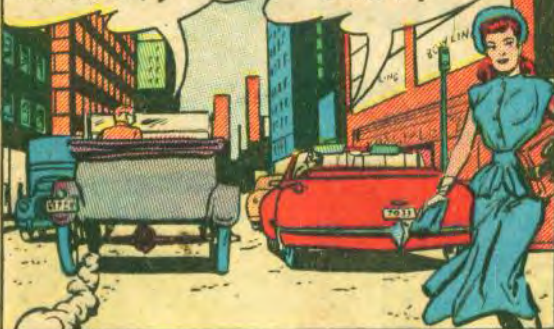


BIG SHOT

AND SECONDS LATER, THE FOUR CYLINDER COWBOY CATCHES UP WITH ALLAN TURNER....

WHOA UP THERE! WANNA HAVE A LITTLE CHAT WITH YOU, PARDNER!

IF YOU'RE IN THE MARKET TO TRADE CARS, LET'S JUST SKIP IT, ZEKE!



I'LL SPEAK TH' REST O' MY PIECE WITH THIS PISTOL, YOU PURSE PILFERER! NOW HEAD BACK TO THET BEAUTY SALOON!

HAVE IT YOUR WAY! THAT CANNON MAY BE CORNY, BUT IT'S CONVINCING!



AND BACK AT THE BEAUTY PARLOR..

LOOK, ZEKE, I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I HAD THIS PURSE!

A LIKELY STORY, SLICKER! JIST MARCH AHEAD INTO THET HAIR FIXIN' PLACE! AN' TH' NAME'S SILAS HAYSTACK!



I GOT TH' VARMINT, MA'M!

ALLAN?

MON DIEU, A MAN WIZ ZEE GUN!



JIST GIVE TH' SAYSO AN' I'LL HOGTIE THIS HEEL AN' HAUL HIM TO TH' LOCK-UP, LADY!

ER--I THINK WE'LL GIVE THE "HEEL" ONE MORE CHANCE, SORT OF PUT HIM ON PROBATION!

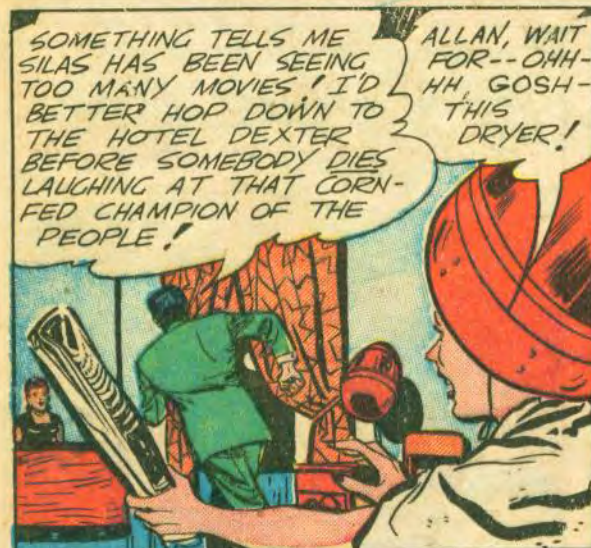
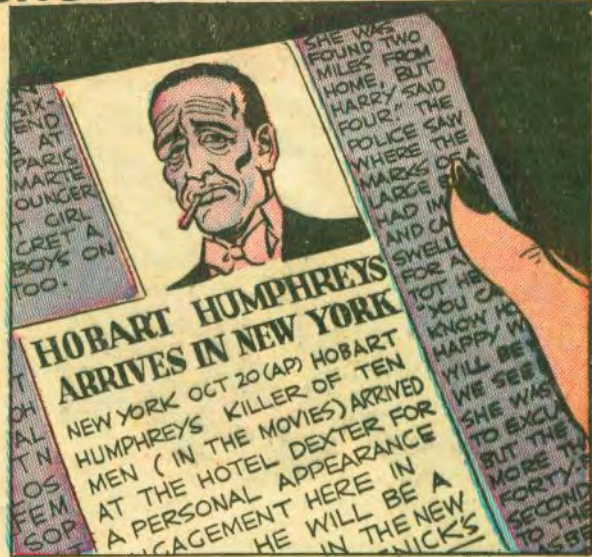


WAL, ANYTIME YOU NEED A LITTLE DETECTIN' JIST LOOK UP SILAS HAYSTACK! RIGHT NOW I'M FIXIN' TO GIT A TEN-TIME KILLER! HE'S DOWN AT THE HOTEL DEXTER!

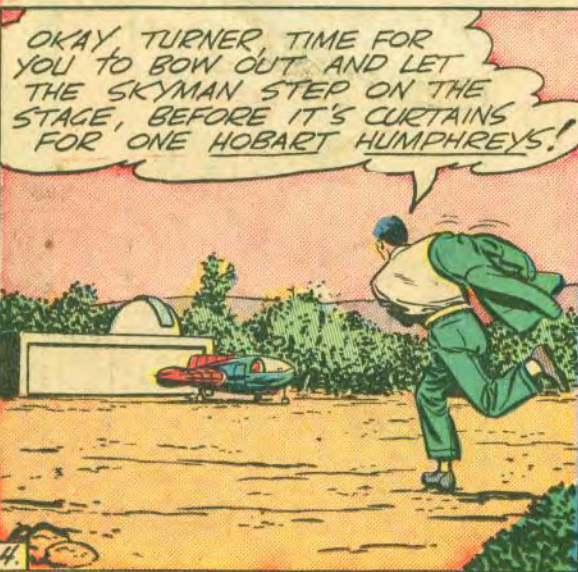
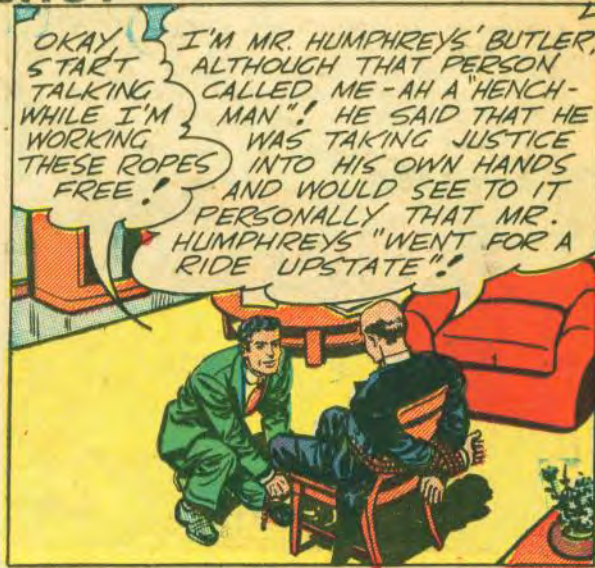
OKAY, SILAS, I SAVE ALL MY VILLAINS FOR YOU!



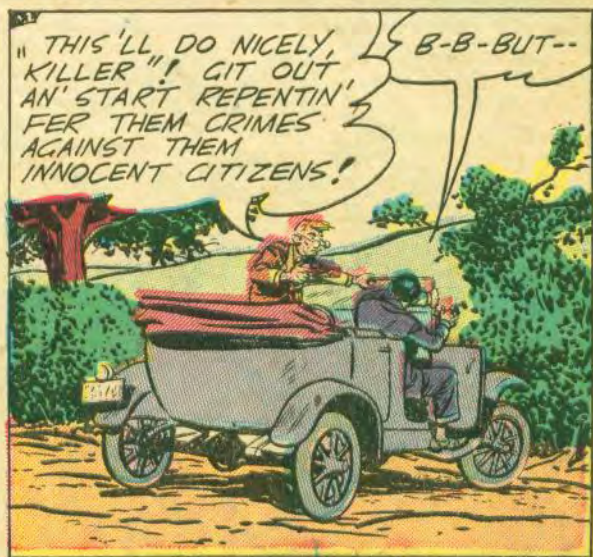
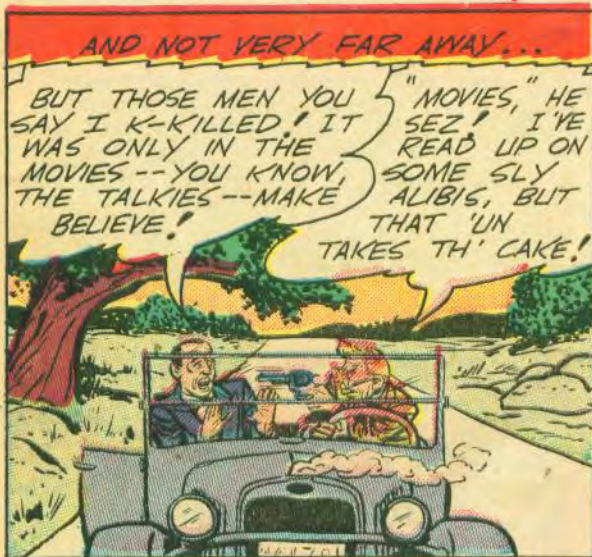
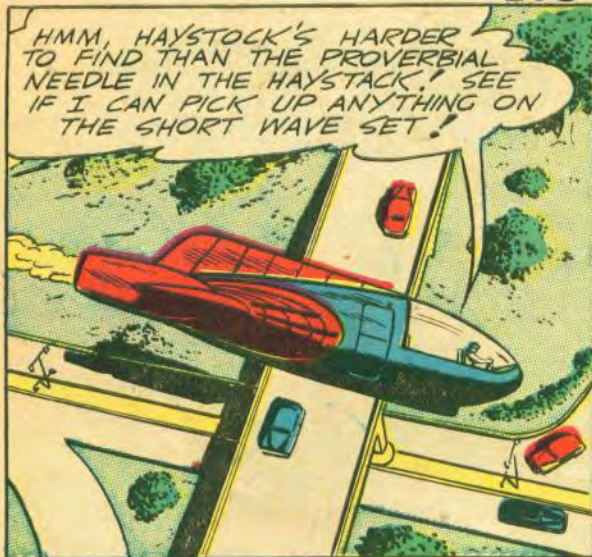
BIG SHOT



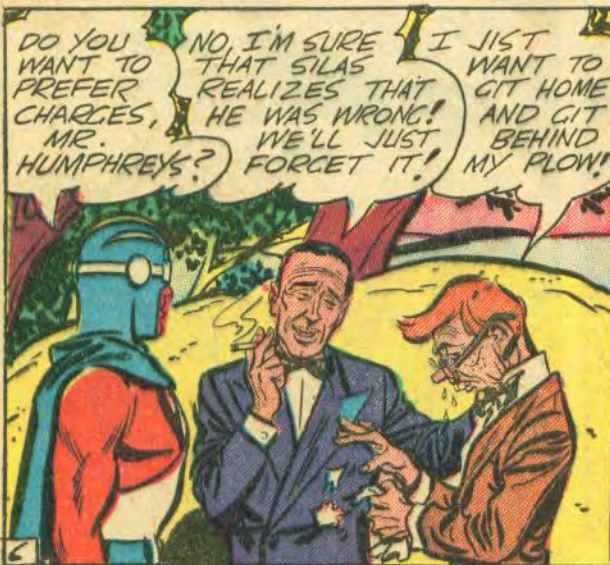
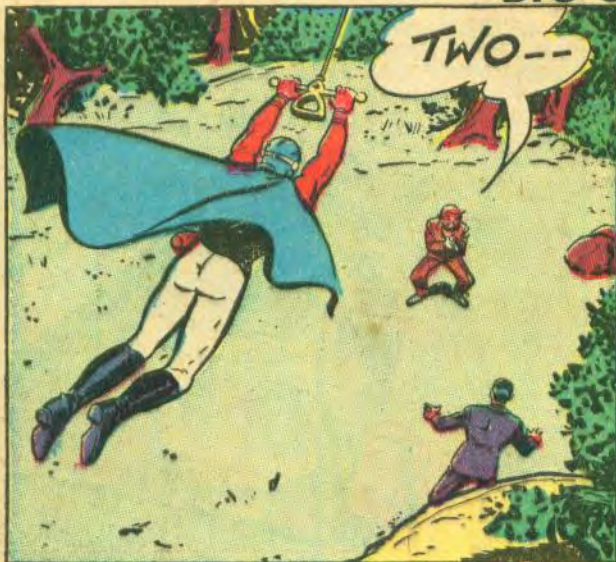
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BIG SHOT



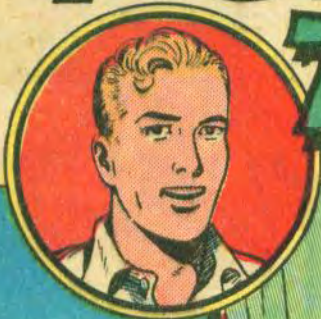
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BIG SHOT

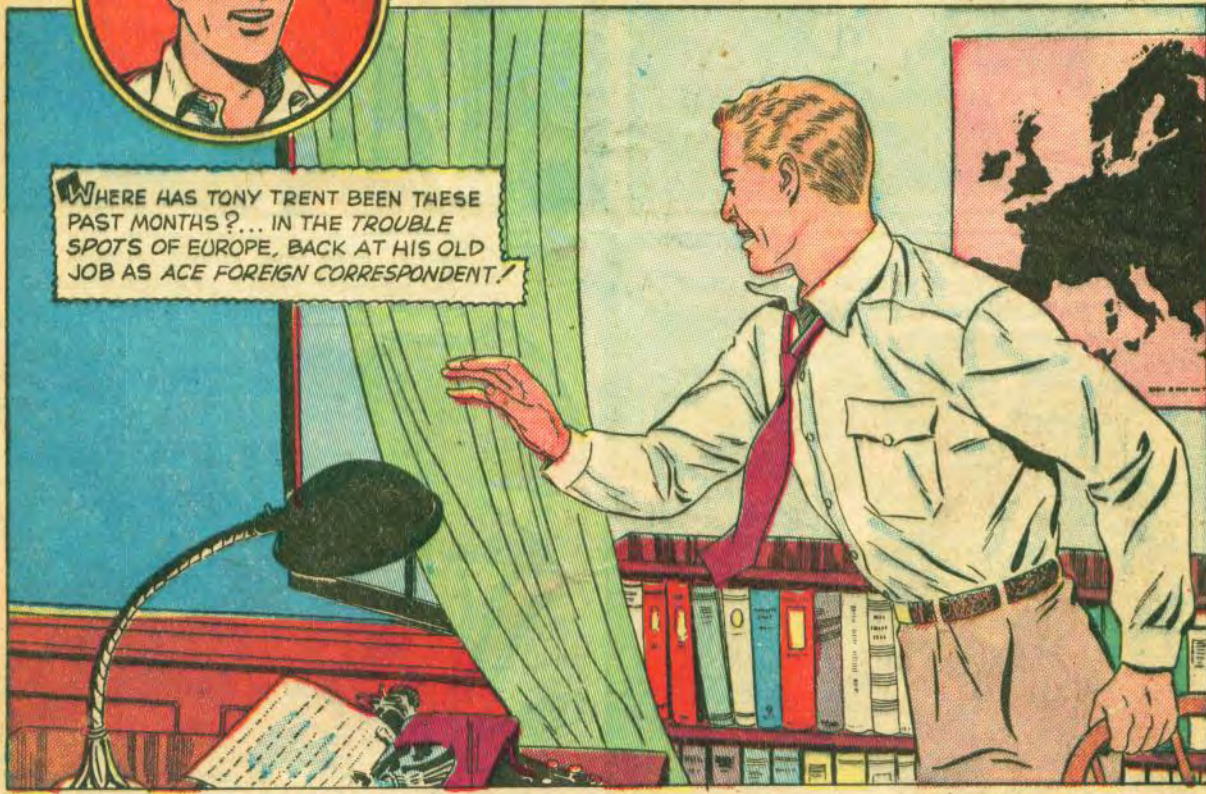
TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



110.

WHERE HAS TONY TRENT BEEN THESE PAST MONTHS?... IN THE TROUBLE SPOTS OF EUROPE, BACK AT HIS OLD JOB AS ACE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT!



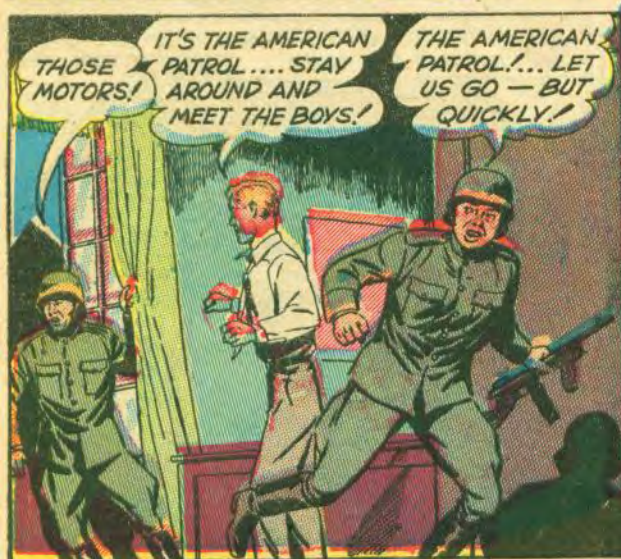
FAMILIAR SOUNDS IN MIDDLE EUROPE, THESE DREAD SOUNDS THAT PULL TONY TRENT TO HIS WINDOW...THE QUICK, FRANTIC FOOTSTEPS OF THE HUNTED...



AND THE CHATTERING MACHINE-GUN FIRE OF THE HUNTERS....



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

GENERAL ZAYUSHIN!

YOU—YOU ARE A NATIONAL HERO — WHY ARE THOSE SOLDIERS — YOUR OWN MEN — HUNTING YOU?...

IT'S A LONG STORY... THOSE MEN ARE SECRET POLICE...

MY GOVERNMENT ORDERED ME TO RETURN HOME... AFTER SEEING HOW THE REST OF THE WORLD LIVES, PARTICULARLY THE UNITED STATES, I COULDN'T RETURN — NOT WITHOUT AN ARMY TO OVERTHROW THE TYRANTS WHO MAKE THEIR OWN PEOPLE THE FIRST VICTIMS OF THEIR VICIOUS PHILOSOPHY... I DID NOT FIND IT AS DIFFICULT AS YOU MIGHT THINK TO ENLIST THOUSANDS OF MY MEN SECRETLY...

ONCE WE STRUCK, MILLIONS WOULD HAVE FOUGHT WITH US FOR FREEDOM... DESPITE THE EVIL CLIQUE THAT SUPPOSEDLY REPRESENTS US, MY PEOPLE ARE FUNDAMENTALLY GOOD... ANYWAY, THE SECRET POLICE DISCOVERED OUR PLOT, POUNCED UPON US...

COME WITH ME ... WE'LL SEE HOW MY GOVERNMENT CAN HELP YOU...

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT AT YALTA YOUR GOVERNMENT AGREED TO RETURN ALL DESERTERS TO THEIR OWN OFFICIALS? ... FOR ME THAT WOULD MEAN CERTAIN LIQUIDATION.

I AM AFRAID YOU CAN DO NOTHING, BUT ACCEPT MY GRATITUDE... I GO...

WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA.

BIG SHOT

WHAT IS THIS IDEA?

IF YOU ARE SINCERE, I MAY BE ABLE TO GET YOU OUT OF THE COUNTRY WITH THE AID OF THE UNDERGROUND THAT WORKED SO WELL DURING THE WAR....



YOU REALLY THINK SO? THEN WE MUST HURRY. THE SECRET POLICE WILL BE BACK!



IT'S QUITE A DISTANCE ...WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY CAR...



WE MAY GET THROUGH - IF THE HOUSE ISN'T BEING WATCHED.



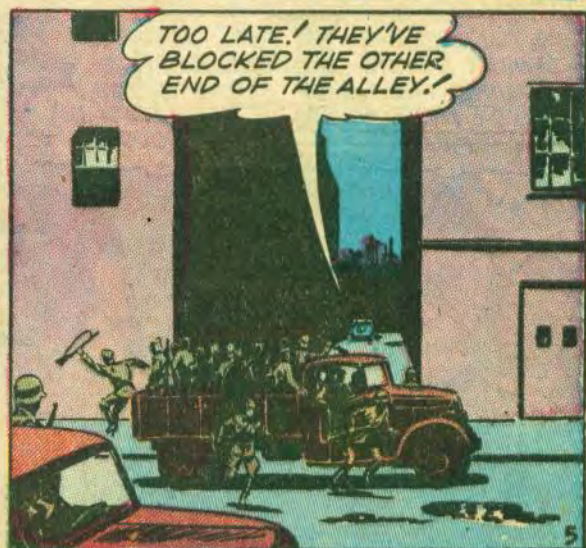
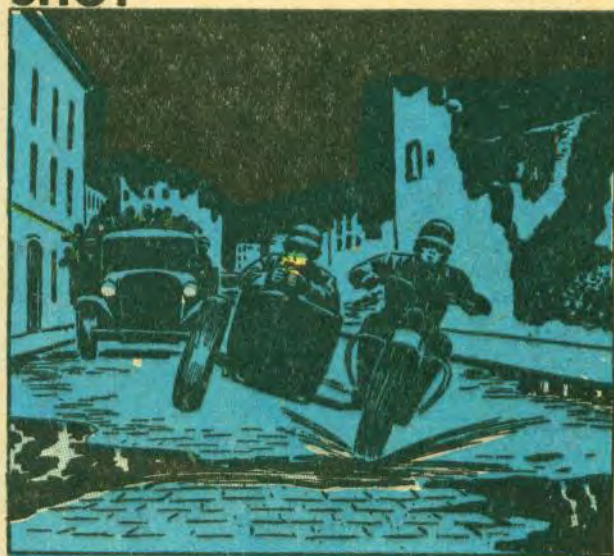
THEY WERE SPYING ON US ALL THE TIME. HERE THEY COME AGAIN!



AND THEY'RE NOT COMING ALONE!



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



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Not One... Not Two... But **ALL 3**
Yes, This Perfectly Matched 3 PIECE POCKET SET

WITH YOUR NAME EN-
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WRITING INSTRUMENTS
IN GOLD LETTERS . . . Factory To You

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New automatic machinery inventions and manufacturing methods now turn out GORGEOUS fountain pens, ball pens and mechanical pencils with mass production economies unheard of 2 months ago! These tremendous savings passed on factory-to-you. Even when you SEE and USE, you won't believe such beauty, such expert workmanship, such instant and dependable writing service possible at this ridiculous price! Competition says we're raving mad. Decide for yourself at our risk.



1 FOUNTAIN PEN

Fashionable gold plate HOODED POINT writes velvet smooth as bold or fine as you prefer . . . can't leak feed guarantees steady ink flow . . . always moist point writes instantly . . . no clogging . . . lever filler fills pens to top without pumping . . . deep pocket clip safeguards against loss.

2 BALL POINT PEN

Has identical ball point found on \$15 pens . . . NO DIFFERENCE! Rolls new 1948 indelible dark blue ball pen ink dry as you write. Makes 10 carbon copies. Writes under water or high in planes. Can't leak or smudge. Ink supply will last up to 1 year depending on how much you write. Refills at any drug store. Deep pocket clip.

3 MECHANICAL PENCIL

Grips standard lead and just a twist propels, repels, expels. Shaped to match fountain pen and ball pen and feels good in your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically perfect and should last a lifetime!

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ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 3 PIECES:

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Send to (NAME) _____

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Cash enclosed. You pay postage.